

But Ever They Tend Toward Greater  
Utility and Beauty.

And puffs of dusky hair which crown the girl warrior of the splendid dress.

Another dinner gown of old-roze bengaline, embroidered with a delicate figure of its wearer, in seamless, mysterious fashion, in a skirt and train ornamented with applique black silk gauze glistening with myriad black dots. And the waist is softly bound a yard of finest muslin—the desire in black, shining with some magic shimmer, too fine for words, but brilliant and sparkling.

The evening gown the Paganini bodice and a lampshade skirt of first quality tulle, a sample of the turnover of lemon-colored gauze, striped with black satin. The dress lies in straight folds all round, and is gather-



heavy and warm. It has a standing collar, a modification of the Medals idea, formed in-  
 stead of vandiked tails of plaited braid, which  
 comes to a finish of the points down the front.  
 The garment cuffs are also formed of the  
 braid, but the vest inside marks its Parisian

The death of Mme. Trevelin removes another "old guard" who delighted operators of a quarter of a century ago. She was of Mr. Mapleson's debutante when that snapper first started business in 1882, and an intimate friend of Titticus, who died fifteen years ago. Trevelin was an artist of the old school, was dominant ideas were that the public must not be disappointed, and not one of the new school of capricious footlight men. Once when she was ill she induced her husband to play as if she were for her. Later, she induced the company to play for her, by saying she was the coming thing, and by saying Yamato for him. On another occasion,

The Empress of Austria has been since the death of Prince Rudolf a complete mental wreck, subject to most pathetic delusions about her son, and requiring the greatest care. She still preserves much of her stately beauty, for which she has been always famous among the royal women of Europe. It is a beauty of contour which, neither time nor trouble can destroy; but she is a constant

never seen. One day one of the boarders talked with him about this power and the waiter told that he had acquired it by long practice. "And do you never make mistakes?" the gentleman inquired. "No, sah; I don't call late to make no mistakes," was the answer. "And do you give every man his own hat?" "Oh, sah," returned the waiter, "taint none my bus, none whose the hat am. I gibes to every man the hat he gibes to me."

for his mouth on the side of the  
 liner. Miner. Mornok. Follamalline  
 er me er' will cattle seed 'im accoin'.  
 en told de vuhers, en den de whole  
 der day dook. De man folled der tracks,  
 der was zakki what der want. Du want  
 der to be home on um in one der ze, yer big  
 spaces like de clar guile you see in a pig

